

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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The Little Christmas Tree.

The Christmas day was coming, the Christmas Eve drew near. The fir trees they were talking low at mid-night cold and clear. And this is what the fir trees said, all in the pale moonlight, "Now, which of us shall chosen be to grace the Holy Night?"

The tall trees and the goodly trees raised each a lofty head, In glad and secret confidence, tho' not a word they said, But one, the baby of the band, could not restrain a sigh; "You all will be approved, he said, 'but oh, what chance have I?"

"I am so small, so very small, no one will mark or know How green and thick my needles are, how true my branches grow; Few toys or candles could I hold, but heart and will are free, And in my heart of hearts I know I am a Christmas tree."

The Christmas angel hovered near; he caught the grieving word, And laughing low, he hurried forth, with love and pity stirred; He sought and found St. Nicholas, the dear old Christmas saint, And in his fatherly, kind ear, rehearsed the fir tree's plaint.

Saints are all powerful, we know, so it befell that day That, ax on shoulder, to the grove a woodman took his way. One baby girl he had at home, and he went forth to find A little tree as small as she, just suited to his mind.

Oh, glad and proud the baby fir, amid its brethren all, To be the one thus singled out, the first among them all! He stretched his fragrant branches, his little heart beat fast, He was a real true Christmas tree, he had his wish at last.

One large and shining apple with cheeks of ruddy gold, Six tapers and a tiny doll were all that he could hold. The baby laughed, the baby cried, to see the tapers bright; The forest baby felt the joy, and shared in the delight.

And when at last the tapers died, and when the baby slept, The little fir, in the silent night, a patient vigil kept. Tho' scorched and brown his needles were, he had no heart to grieve, "I have not lived in vain," he said, "Thank God for Christmas Eve!"

—Primary Plans.

The Christmas Substitute

By ANNA SPRAGUE PACKARD, in *Youth's Companion*.

Ten minutes to eleven! The choir-master of St. Martin's looked impatiently from the clock to the door. The choir-room was nearly full of men and boys, arrayed in black cassocks and white cottas. The processional cross, with its bunch of holly tied upon it, leaned against the wall. From the church could be heard the strains of "Messiah," and through the open door of the vestry-room the choir-master could see the clergy all ready to move.

"Why, where's Charles Reed?" asked one of the bass singers.

"I was stupid enough to send him off for a substitute to fill Johnny Healey's place. Johnny sent word at the last minute that he was sick and could not come. It would have made the procession uneven, and Charles said he knew a boy—a went to the same school—who had a good voice and was the right size; so as it was only over on Second Avenue, and he had half an hour, I let him go. I wish I hadn't. It annoys the doctor to have the boys come in late. Christmas morning, too! But suppose some accident has happened to the boys; what shall we do for our soprano solos?"

"Is his first in the 'Te Deum'?" "Yes and—oh, here he is!" A long breath of relief took anxiety suppressed. Charles Reed stood in the doorway ushering in the substitute. The choir boys exchanged glances; the men turned away to a repress a smile. Even the master, whose one thought was to keep his procession intact, looked agast.

The substitute was a boy perhaps ten or twelve years of age, distinctly dirty, though an attempt at face-washing had left broad streaks of light shade. He wore an old jacket and a pair of trousers so much too large that they were rolled in a thick wad over each ankle. His shoes were breaking apart. He held in his hand a cap, which had once been fur, but was now only skin. It was not his poverty alone that marked him, however. There were many poor, respectable boys in St. Martin's

choir. It was his face—cool, cunning, impudent, a face that before twenty must acquire the criminal look for life. A cadet in the ranks of the dangerous class, he stood there, self-possessed, confident, slyly alert.

The choir-master hurried forward with evident attempt to make the best of the situation. Charles Reed looked apologetic. The substitute had an amused twinkle in his keen, hazel eyes.

"Come, Charles, take him into the lavatory and see that his hands and face are clean and his hair combed. 'Here, Tom,' to another boy, who stood grinning by, 'look in one of the lockers beside the organ and see if you can find a pair of shoes. Then get out Johnny Healey's vestments.'"

In a few moments the robing was over.

Teddy Fitzgerald, the east side boy, stood in his place in the line in front of Charles Reed, an open hymnal in his hand.

"Will he behave himself, Charles?" whispered the choir-master, as he hurried to the organ. "Oh, yes," said Charles earnestly. "I told him if he acted well you would give him fifty cents. Don't be afraid. I'll coach him through the service." The boy with the cross took his place at the head of the procession. The clergy came down the steps into the choir-room.

There was a short prayer, a quick "amen" chanted by the boys, then the first verse of the "Adeste Fideles." As the music soared "Joyful and triumphant," the procession began to move. Now Teddy was an expert in processions, for he had grown up on them. No one ever knew how he got the information—perhaps it came on the air, like the signal for marble playing or kite-flying; but east side or west, Battery or Harlem, Teddy was always on hand at a procession, curled like a human worm round a lamp-post, or under the feet of the mounted police. But always before he had been a spectator. To-day—this blessed day!—he was in the ranks.

Teddy's book was open, but he was not singing. There was too much to see.

The doors of the choir-room were thrown back, the great organ and the cornet took up the theme, and Teddy Fitzgerald was in the house of God for the first time.

Churches had been quite outside Teddy's life. In the summer-time he had stolen his way to several Sunday-school picnics up river on a barge. Once he had gone with an older gang of toughs from Avenue A to help break up a Salvation Army meeting; but these had been his sole experiences touching religion.

His mother had been killed by a fall from a tenement-house fire-escape while she was intoxicated. This happened when Teddy was very small. His father alternated between Blackwell Island prison and New York as a place of residence, with the greater part of his time spent in prison.

Teddy lived on the street most of the time, but was found once in a while by the truant officer at the room of his uncle, who was usually too drunk by night to put the boy out. When Uncle Jim "reformed," Teddy slept in the station house if he was lucky; if unlucky, on a wharf or in a barrel. "I'll bet he'll be drunk by to-morrow night and then I'll get in," he would then reflect, for Teddy was a philosopher, and took the lean with the fat. It was at the home of this uncle that Charles Reed who, the week before, had been sent by the public school teacher to find out why Teddy did not come to school—found him on Christmas morning.

So here he was—heaven in a long black cassock and snow-white cotta, his face radiant with joy, keeping perfect time as the long line swept through the transept and into the chancel. With his clean face, his short, brown curly hair in order, and this expression, he looked almost handsome.

The boys filed decorously into the stalls, Teddy copying with all his heart, that an outside seat might fall to him. Yes here he was! On the end, with Charles Reed beside him. Now the service began. Charles would nudge him to kneel, rise or stand, as the occasion demanded; and Teddy, who was full of curiosity and interest, obeyed implicitly. When the chanting of the Psalms

began, Teddy took his first active part. They were Gregorian chants, full of solemn joy, and the boy quickly caught the movement, for he loved music passionately.

Sin had closed every channel to his soul—sin for which he was little responsible, for he was what life had made him. It had closed every channel except this one! He had never heard any really great music before. The best had been at the Central Park concerts on Saturday afternoons, when the child would sit, forgetful of the black past and blacker future, wrapped in that bliss which only a musical soul can know.

One masterpiece followed another to-day—the "Te Deum" and then the Creed. Charles Reed had solos in both. Teddy listened greedily, enviously.

"I bet yer I could do it, if I only knew how! I bet yer I could put more 'go' into her!" thought Teddy, who, with critical instinct, had found the lack in Charles's beautiful voice—the inability to touch the heart.

Then followed some prayers, to which Teddy paid no attention, and then a carol. They were printed on the service list, and Teddy read, "'O little town of Bethlehem,' by Phillips Brooks." Neither name carried any significance to him, though he wondered vaguely where the town was, and what there could be to write about. If it had been a big city, that would have been another thing—but just a little town?

The music was the choir-master's own and he had put into it some of the love of man and of God which filled the great heart of him who wrote the words.

Teddy listened through the first verse; then, with the second, he began. The choir-master heard the clear, full tones, and listened with fear. Would he sing false and ruin it? No; Teddy was incapable of singing false as a bird is. He had a true ear and a most retentive memory. Above the choir, above even Charles Reed's sweet soprano, rang that contralto with its rare, pathetic quality—that something which can never be acquired—and the congregation listened with hushed hearts.

The choir-master's heart beat high. The substitute's voice was an exquisite one. With a soloist like this, his choir in six months would be unequalled.

All through the sermon Teddy looked around. The wonderful pictured windows, through which the Christmas sun was streaming, the fine lines of arch and roof, the mosaic pavement, the carved stalls, the shining marble altar with its gleaming cross, and above it a picture of a Child, a Boy, with outstretched arms coming toward him through a field of lilies.

All through the service there had been a name repeated which was horribly familiar to the boy, and he had wondered as he had seen the bowed heads, like a wheat field in a summer breeze.

This must be He, then! someone to be worshipped; someone who came down from heaven; someone who had suffered. This much he had learned from the service. So he gazed at the picture with longing in his keen eyes. Why, He was a boy, and coming toward him!

"I wish he wouldn't look at me like that! Seems as if He wanted me to do somethin' for him. Kinder sorry, too. Looks like He'd lived on East side, so Poor and mournful. 'I bet yer he knows what it is to be cold and hungry, and sleep in a barrel. I wish now I hadn't knocked down that little kid goin' for beer this mornin', or cheated Jim at 'craps.' And so while the good doctor preached in the pulpit, the Boy above the altar preached to the boy below.

Suddenly Charles Reed said, "I say, Teddy, you'll have to go to the gate and receive the contribution. I sing a solo in the offertory."

"Follow the boy at the end of the opposite stall; keep step with him, march to the rail there and the doctor will give you both plates. Then turn—be sure you wheel toward the other boy—march to the top of the steps and wait. Stand perfectly still and the vestrymen will bring up the offering. Then wheel inside, carry the plates and empty them into the alms-basin the doctor will hold. Do just as Tom does, keep step, and oh! Charles said, imploringly, 'don't bungle, for then they'll blame me.'"

Charles did not know his boy. Teddy bungle! He marched in perfect time, shoulder to shoulder, and stood facing the vast congregation, that wore a general air of riches and luxury. "All blosks from de avenue!" thought Teddy, and this drove the tender thoughts of that unhappy Child, whose woe and love had touched him so strangely, out of his heart. Teddy was himself again—bitter, hard, defiant; the scourge of the block, the terror of the apple woman, the east side "out on the make!"

Two by two the vestrymen came up, each emptying his full plate into the larger ones held by the boys. Would they never stop? What heaps of money! Teddy had never seen as much, and now he was holding it!

Such a chance! Right beside his thumb lay a bill folded very small. Some lady must have tucked it in her glove. Just as he put his thumb on it his cotta sleeve lay full and loose over his hand and with dexterous movement, he concealed it in his palm. Teddy had not played "craps" for nothing.

He went back to his stall, flushed with a sense of triumph, and tucked the bill into his jacket pocket. He must not look at it yet. It might be a "five!" Then he was sure of the fifty cents. What a morning's work! wouldn't he "blow her in!"

All this while the service was going on but it was only the opening notes of Gounod's "Sanctus" that brought him back.

As the first "Holy, Holy," stole out, he forgot his money, and all the glories it would buy. Again and again rang that marvelous cry. Each repetition higher and stronger and nearer the throne, and the heart of the boy went with it.

He looked at the picture with a radiant smile. This must surely make him glad! The sunshine fell on the calm face; it lighted up those eyes filled with inscrutable sorrow, and a pang struck into Teddy's heart like a knife. The money! He had taken it from him!

The boy had known nothing but misery from his birth, but as he laid his head down on the stall, beside which he knelt, an agony which no hunger, or cold, or pain had ever forced from him, racked him. Teddy Fitzgerald's soul was being born!

The services ended and the procession moved out of the church and into the choir-room once more.

"Here's your fifty cents. Come around here to-morrow morning at nine, and let me try your voice. I think you have a fortune in your throat," said the choir-master, as he handed Teddy the money; but the word seemed to fall on deaf ears. "What ails you, Teddy? Are you sick?" said Charles Reed, kindly, as they reached the street.

"Lemme alone, or I'll break your head!" said the boy savagely, as he jerked away still holding the service-sheet.

"All right," said Charles, good-naturedly. "I wish you a merry Christmas."

The same evening, as the rector of St. Martin's rose from his Christmas dinner, a servant entered the room to say that a policeman was in the hall, waiting to see him. "Dear me, I hope nothing has happened," he said, as he went to meet the officer. "Sorry to disturb you, sir, but there's a boy been asking for you at Bellevue Hospital, and as the doctors say he won't live till morning, why, I've come for you. He's just been run over by a cable car on Third Avenue. Don't know what he can want with you, sir. He's a regular gutter-sneep, not your kind at all, sir."

The Doctor sighed at the unconscious rebuke. "I'm afraid not. I only wish he were!" and hurried into his overcoat.

Before long he was leaning over the poor crushed frame, in the first pure, white bed Teddy had ever known.

"Gimme de money," said the boy, in quick, fierce tones to the nurse beside him, "and then go away!" The nurse obeyed. The doctor knelt beside the bed to hear these panted words:

"Here it is! Have yer got it? Give it back to Him! I swiped it this mornin' out of your collection plate. You're softies over there to trust anyone. No, I'm not crazy. I was a substitute in the choir, and all the

afternoon I tried to spend it and I couldn't. I could see Him a-lookin' at me—Him behind the altar—a comin' through the lily field after me! So I was comin' back with it when I slipped on the track."

"Please believe me, 'Taint because I know it's all up with me that I'm sorry, but—because I couldn't be such a sneak to Him! You see He was like me. He had lots against Him!"

The doctor's white head sank as he looked at the child, who was also despondent and rejected; and then he prayed, holding the grimy, bony hand which had fought the world from the start.

The little life was drifting fast now, and he was babbling of many things, but never of home or mother! The streets—their length, the heat, chill, but always the street!

It was all his past. Suddenly the faltering voice began to sing:

"O little town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie! Above the deep and dreamless sleep The silent stars go by; Yet in the dark street shineth The everlasting light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night."

A rapturous look came in the dying eyes, and then all was still.

Halifax Harbor

Halifax harbor has been one of the busiest ports in the world for the past ten months. With Germany's extension of her U boat zone last February, the British Admiralty discontinued Kirkwall, Scotland, as a port of call for vessels for inspection, and since then the Canadian port has been a stopping place for inspection for all east as well as west bound passenger and freight ships plying between North, South and Central America, the West Indies and Northern Europe. Even vessels from the Pacific that used the Panama Canal put into Halifax.

Passenger vessels, as a rule, have been required to remain at anchor in the harbor there at least a week, while their passengers, crew, all baggage, freight and stores were inspected.

This burden upon the port was heaped upon that of the transportation of Canadian troops. Canadian engineers had greatly enlarged the facilities of the port, and with the completion a short time ago of one of the largest dry docks in the world—one large enough to hold the great American leviathan, formerly the Hamburg American liner Vaterland—British war vessels were sent there in large numbers. The records of arrivals of vessels at Halifax for the past six months would probably exceed that of any other port on this side of the Atlantic with the exception of New York.

Halifax Harbor is one of the best harbors on the Atlantic Coast. It has often been likened to a bottle. When a vessel passes up the outer harbor and past the city it goes through the Narrows and then reaches a landlocked inner harbor called Bedford Basin.

McNab's Island is responsible for two entrances to the harbor, but only the western one is navigable for ships of large tonnage. There is a landing quay 2,000 feet long and six piers, each 1,250 feet long, with berths, having a depth of forty five feet of water. This great depth is necessary because of the great rise and fall of the tide. Thirty or forty vessels can be cared for at one time at the piers. There also are freight houses, elevators, and full equipment for rapid handling of freight from railroad cars to vessels.

Upon entering the harbor one sees in the near distance the Citadel, and here and all about the harbor are tremendous fortifications, which won for Halifax the name of the "Cronstadt of America." Citadel Hill, an eminence which dominates the entire city, is located within the stricken territory.

The area which despatches indicate was wrecked by the explosion includes an extensive residential section, as well as numerous institutions, banks and Government buildings. In it are many churches and schools, the railway station, Government dockyard, Wellington Barracks, Admiralty House, the Military Hospital, Garrison Chapel, the Post Office, the Provincial Parliament

Building, the City Hall, the Ordinance Department, most of the department stores, all of the cable and telegraph offices, the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and the Home for Aged Women. A large cotton mill and a sugar refinery are the chief manufacturing plants in that section.

The devastated district is the oldest part of Halifax, and some of the buildings are nearly as old as the city itself. The section is thickly populated, the streets narrow and most of the houses frame structures.

The population of Halifax, according to the 1911 census, was about 47,000. The city is the eastern terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Canadian Government railways. It is the commercial and political capital of Nova Scotia.

Completion of the port improvements begun before the war, and enlarged since, will mark the finish of the grand Canadian transcontinental railway scheme.

In the city's early days, when a French invasion was feared, the military authorities laid a chain cable across Northwest Arm to prevent the entry of ships, anchoring the ends in solid rock. The low mounds at the point where descent to the shore is made are the remains of an old fort and are called the Seven Bunkers.

Northwest Arm, called by the Indians Waegwoltic, or End of the Bay, is about half a mile wide and winds like a river from Point Pleasant to Dutch Village, a distance of two and a half miles.

Government House, on Bishop and Hollis Streets, the official residence of the Lieutenant Governor, was built in 1805, and then considered the finest residence in North America. Parliament Building was built in 1819.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTELL, Pastor, 3525 N. 19th St.

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Morning Prayer—Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the third, 3:00 P.M.

Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.

Cleric Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.

Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.

Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.

Diocese of Maryland.

REV. O. J. WHILDEN, General Missionary, 2015 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

SERVICES.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 10:30 A.M.

Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M.

Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.

Guided and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.

Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.

Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second and 4th Aves, 8 P.M.

Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M. Other Places by Appointment.

St. Andrew's Silent Mission,

Trinity Church, Copley Square, Boston.

Rev. G. H. Hefflon, Priest-in-Charge, Edwin W. Frisbee and Albert S. Tufts, Lay Readers.

Boston—St. Andrew's Silent Mission, Trinity Parish House, Copley Square, Every Sunday of the month, at 11:30 A.M.

Haverhill—Trinity Church, First Sunday, at 8 P.M.

Salem—Federal Street Church, Second Sunday, at 2:15 P.M.

Lynn—St. Stephen's, Third Sunday, at 3 P.M.

Everett—N. E. Home for Deaf-Mutes, Third Sunday, at 3 P.M.

Worcester—All Saints', Fourth Sunday, at 3 P.M.

Providence, R. I.—Grace Church, Fourth Sunday, at 3 P.M.

Edwin W. FRISBEE, Lay Missionary, 89 Playstead Road, West Medford, Mass.

Empty Stockings

Oh, mothers in homes that are happy— Where Christmas comes shaden with cheer, Where the children are dreaming already Of the merriest day is the year.

As you gather your darlings around you And tell them the "story of old," Remember the homes that are deary! Remember the hearts that are cold.

And thanking the love that has dowered you With all that is dearest and best, Give freely, that from your abundance Some bare little life may be blessed.

Oh, go where the stockings hang empty, Where Christmas is naught but a name, And give—for the love of the Christ-child, 'Twas to seek such as these that He came. —Ellen Mantly.

A Christmas Classic

Years ago Charles A. Dana, editor of the *New York Sun*, received the following letter at Christmastide from a little girl, Virginia O'Hara by name, and in reply wrote what has become known as a Christmas Classic.

"Dear Editor:—I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says if you see it in your paper it is so. Please tell me the truth. Is there a Santa Claus?"

And Mr. Dana's immortal answer read thus:

"Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours, man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, compared with the boundless world about him; as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole truth and knowledge.

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

"Not believe in Santa Claus? You might as well not believe in fairies. You might get your papa to hire men to watch all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus; but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Not everybody had seen Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not; but that's no proof they were not there. No one can conceive or imagine all the things that are unseen and unseeable in the world.

"You may tear apart a baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world that not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernatural beauty of the glory beyond. It is all real. Ah! Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

"No Santa Claus? Thank God, he lives, and lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the hearts of childhood."—*The School Journal and Educator*.

Pittsburgh Reformed Presbyterian Church.

Ellesmere St., between Penn Avenue and Duquesne Way.

REV. T. H. ACHESON, Pastor, Mrs. ROSE CHERNUT, Nite Interpreter.

Sabbath School—2 to 3 P.M.

Sermon—3 to 4 P.M.

Mite Christian Endeavor Society—4:15 P.M.

Prayer Meeting, first Wednesday of each month.

Everybody Welcome.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 30, 1917.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are eleven most of base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Spectimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

AFTER serving the New York Institution on its Board of Directors for nearly half a century, Rev. Charles Augustus Stoddard has tendered his resignation from the highest and most responsible position on the board—that of President—which has been accepted, and on December 12th, Mr. Thatcher M. Adams was elected to the vacated office. Mr. Adams, who is a retired member of prominence in the legal profession, has been a Director since May, 1868. He is a son of Rev. William Adams, D.D., LL.D., (President of the Board from 1871 to 1880), an eminent divine much beloved by the deaf who attended the Fanwood School during the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century.

Mr. Thatcher M. Adams, the new president, has been actively associated with the Institution's directorate, during the long period of his connection therewith, serving on committees of the Board and rendering especially valuable service on its Law Committee.

The following is a copy of Rev. Dr. Stoddard's letter of resignation:—

NEW YORK, Dec. 10, 1917.

To the Board of Directors, of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb:—

GENTLEMEN:—Forty-eight years ago, on May 11th, 1869, you did me the honor of electing me a member of the Society and also a Director. Five years later you made me Chairman of the Executive Committee, in which place I served for fourteen years until 1883. In 1882 I was made Second Vice-President, and in 1887 was elected First Vice-President. On May 15, 1900, I was elected President of the Institution and have now held the office and discharged its duties for over seventeen years. I have represented the Institution at many National Conventions and several International Assemblies held in European countries.

Three years ago I endeavored to resign the office of President, but was persuaded by the late Mr. Currier and members of the Board to continue to hold the place until the centennial year. We have now celebrated the one hundredth year of the founding by legislative enactment, of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, in which celebration I took part with our late Principal, Mr. Knoc Henry Currier. Three months later, it was my sad duty to preside at a memorial service in eminent and useful servant of the Institution. You have now chosen, after careful search and selection, a well qualified and able successor to Mr. Currier, and he has been publicly welcomed to his place. The Institution is well equipped for continued usefulness and honor to the State. I am reminded by personal bereavement, as well as by the advancement of age, and declining ability for public duties, that it is time for me to resign the position of President of this Great Charity. Whatever success I may have had in this large and important service, is largely due to your hearty cooperation, generous aid, and unselfish devotion to the labor and duties which you have so faithfully performed, and for which in my own name and in behalf of the Institution, I heartily thank you.

Please, gentlemen, release me, at my request, and believe me,
Sincerely and gratefully yours,
CHARLES AUGUSTUS STODDARD.

Rev. Dr. Stoddard was born in Boston and educated at Williams College and Union Seminary, which was followed by a trip to the Holy Land. He began his work as a Presbyterian minister fifty-nine years ago. For about a quarter of a century he was pastor of the church at the corner of Amsterdam Avenue and 155th Street on Washington Heights. In 1883 he resigned his pastorate to become one of the editors of the *New York Observer*, a great secular and religious weekly,

CHICAGO.

News items for this column should be sent to Jesse A. Waterman, 1629 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

At a meeting of his congregation of the Lutheran deaf last Monday, Rev. P. N. Uhlig, who has been pastor of the mission for a number of years, announced his reluctant intention of retiring from the ministry. He gave his failing health and weak eyes as the reasons for the step. His many friends would not entertain the thought of letting him leave, but he may remain a few months longer. Meantime the parishioners are conferring among each other to lessen the demands on the rev. sick calls in particular.

Rev. Uhlig, like Rev. Hasenstab, answer sick calls no matter whether the patient is a church member or not; and has often shown himself a devoted friend of the deaf at the cost of impairing his own vitality.

Things looked a bit too quiet for a pre-holiday season at the All Angels' Parish last Wednesday evening, where about forty people were wondering what lively stunt was on the program. Dr. Dougherty, knowing everyone is interested in a little war talk—bits of rumors—or stories, started by announcing the sad news of the death of A. R. Spear, of St. Paul, Minn., whom many will remember contributed to the JOURNAL his famous "Spear Points."

Then Rev. Flick suggested that J. Frederick Meagher address the audience. The little fellow, known as "Jimmie," and who created havoc for the impostors when he was in charge of the campaign for the N. A. D. at Vancouver, Wash., introduced himself, quite modestly at first, but gradually unbosomed himself. He opened with an attack on the impostor evil (though this subject has now become stale in Chicago) and explained it to be a thankless task. He says:

"The National Association of the Deaf still needs more gumption, needs men behind it to push through to completion every important object it started out to accomplish. There will continue to be a little friction here and there; some will want to feel more important than others; some will be either too zealous for personal aggrandizement, with a tendency on the part of others to be too overbearing. To make the N. A. D. become a real factor, we must have a salaried business manager, one who can handle the entire business of the association."

"Now, there is the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, which serves as a refuge or shelter for many deserving deaf-mutes who are barred from the hearing fraternal orders. If the deaf are not readily admitted by the old line companies, it is suggested that the deaf organize a similar plan and admit themselves. But as long as such a scheme can't be fulfilled at this time, we might as well all flock into the fraternal folds of the N. F. S. D., the only one of its kind for the deaf in the world."

This is the way "Jimmie" has been quoted by your JOURNAL's correspondent and forty pairs of eyes were focused on him as evidence. He is a good speaker, but we missed some of his "Vancouver vigor."

Perhaps he is fatigued just now. The ladies of the All Angels' Parish say that a total of thirteen dollars was painlessly extracted from the patrons of the recent whist party, and that part of it will be devoted to chasing that mortgage bogey out of the premises of the church.

Miss Rosella Sweet and brother, Adolph, of West Concord, Minn., are in Chicago as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Miller. Adolph plans to take a course in the linotype school of the Inland Printer Co., and consequently may remain in Chicago permanently.

Rev. N. P. Uhlig was in Kankakee, Ill., recently, where he delivered an interesting sermon to the deaf of that city.

The Chicago Oral Club tendered a banquet last week, followed by a march to one of Chicago's theaters. Speeches at the feast were delivered orally. There were no war talks. Their toasts flowed along the usual lines such as: "Do you love this beautiful soup? What is your favorite potatoes, German fried or French twisted? I like to talk with my mouth. My hands must work on some useful object. Signs are horrible because they were invented by the Indians who were dumb." The only mischief the oralists' hands went into were finger bowls. At the theater the harmony of their voices matched the hoarse jumbo violin. Otherwise everyone enjoyed the treat hugely and are still bubbling with happiness.

Once in a while I am accused of not giving the frats sufficient publicity in these columns. Very often I have told everybody wherever I can make myself "heard" that I am in constant quest of news. "Will some one kindly give me a bit of news for the JOURNAL?" The answer is usually: "Nothing in particular"—and they sing that stuff in chorus. After groping my way through a maze of nonchalance, I found one piece of news that may be interest-

ing. The Chicago division of the N. F. S. D. announces a reception and ball on January 19th, 1918. Name of chairman and committee unknown; whether it is informal or masque, unknown; exact name and location of hall, unknown; price of admission, unknown.

Will some kind-hearted frat come out and supply the date? Reporting everything under the sun is a pleasure, but it's like trying to squeeze blood out of a dried turnip, if there is no one liberal with the news. Get wise! Sore? No, I do not draw the line. I am treating you all alike. Friends and foes are both welcome. If it's a wedding, a dance, a party, a stork celebration, a death, a promotion, or any something that can be ground into news—why, of course, bring or send it to me. Then watch me! I will guarantee to make the frowns on your brow disappear. If not, then proceed with me; let the brand of punishment adapted only to wicked reporters. Thanks for your patience!

The extreme cold weather of the last few days has kept Sidney Howard constantly on the jump. He has charge of eleven residential furnaces, feeding each morning and evening, and has the distinction of handling more tons of coal than any other deaf individual. He's some coal man, eh!

Ralph Decker, who has transferred his abode to Hammond, Ind., has asked to become a non-resident member of the Pas-a-Pas Club. He is also a long-distance member of the Silent Athletic Club, and recently admitted to the N. F. S. D. Somebody says he and A. I. Liebenstein are known abbreviated and individually as "Pap-Sac-Frat."

After a number of months spent in a fruitless search for adequate quarters in which members may congregate at any time in the day and evening, success at last crowned their efforts. Rooms 334-338 in the Unity Building, 127 N. Dearborn Street will hereafter—or to be more definite—after January 1st, 1918, be the official home of the Pas-a-Pas Club, including the woman's auxiliary. Heretofore, whenever a deaf stranger comes seeking the rooms of the club, he is usually told that there is no such club, that it has gone out of existence. This was a common and malicious lie. Now, all is changed. The location is a few blocks north of the Silent Athletic Club, at 219 South Dearborn Street, and about three blocks from the headquarters of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, at 21 N. La Salle Street. This bit of accurate information should be remembered by readers of this paper.

The Pas-a-Pas Club for the past three years occupied a room in the Lake View Building on Michigan Boulevard, only on Saturdays and Sundays. Visitors had difficulty in finding the place through misstatements. State schools publishing papers are invited to place the Pas-a-Pas Club on their exchange list and addressing: Room 334-338, Unity Building, Chicago. The thirty-five-year-old Club is composed of members hailing from all parts of the country, and papers from their *alma mater* will prove a source of great interest.

The club places no barrier on members joining other clubs or lodges. No member is allowed to mock-rake other societies or indulge in personalities while in official session, and wherever possible strives to discourage friction and cultivate friendly relations. The club was the first to co-operate with others in making a successful Red Cross picnic; the first to respond with an election of representatives to the proposed federation plan, which later was smothered to death from lack of enthusiasm on the part of other organizations. The club stands ready to back or co-work with the Frats, S. A. C.'s, Knights, or any other *bona fide* Society, in promoting any plan that will benefit the entire deaf population of Chicago, or any practical scheme to eliminate useless and unpatriotic quarrels and boost unity.

If there was not a large attendance at the whist party given at the All Angels' Parish house last Saturday evening, we can blame it on the extreme zero weather. It takes a brave person to venture out while the mercury hovers several degrees below zero to get a slice of fun at whist. There was a woeful dearth of the feminine gender to complete partners in the games. A brilliant idea shot out from somebody's fertile brain. Edward Rowse, who has some dainty ways of his own, was drafted for the duration of the party. A white handkerchief tied around his arm, and a liberal sprinkling of talcum powder on his beaming face, sufficed to proclaim him as "Miss Edwardine Rowse." And all agreed that he performed the part nobly.

The prizes for the men were as follows:—Edward Kingon, first prize—Hand-made sterling silver cuff links; Herman Witte, second prize—silk muffler; Horace Buell—booby—(Jumping Jack).

And for the ladies:—Miss E. Wardine Rowse, first prize—silk waist.

Mrs. Charles Bows, second prize—knitting bag.

Miss Marie Lassar—booby—(Kewpie).

Now they are pestering "Miss" Rowse about that waist. What

will he do with it? Has he a fiancée to whom he can smuggle it as a gift? Will he have it altered to fit a male? Probably Mrs. C. C. C. can solve it for him, since he "gladly shakes hands with the rich and poor alike, etc., etc."

About twenty young people sprung a surprise party on Miss Marie Yanzito, at her brother's home on Sawyer Avenue, last Saturday evening, the occasion being her twenty-first birthday. The affair was arranged by LeRoy Henderson, who is giving the young lady extraordinary attentions, besides being the gallant one who presented her with a gold bracelet watch.

Charles Engel, son of Mrs. Ross MacDonald, after failing to enlist in the aviation service in Chicago, refused to be discouraged and went to St. Louis, Mo., where he was successful. He will enter an aviation school preparatory to leaving for France.

Ethelbert Hunter, who was reported recently as taking a course in linotype operation, has thrown up the sponge, being unable to stand the stuffy and overheated school room. Since he has a bloated pocket-book he can well afford to postpone activities until spring or summer.

Rev. Philip Hasenstab and his assistants are planning to secure a suitable date on which to hold the annual Christmas entertainment, under the auspices of the Methodist Mission. December 29th is likely to be the date, though not definitely settled. They desired December 22d, but the bearing Methodists got ahead of them.

Friends and supporters of the Ephphatha school for the Deaf, 3100 North Crawford Avenue, held a Christmas sale last week, December 7th to 9th, at the school. The proceeds are to be used in reducing the mortgage on the new building recently completed, and now occupied. So many applicants for admission to the school are being received from the poor deaf-mutes, that plans are now being considered for making another addition to the school. Lack of funds has prevented the school from including a manual training department. Many of its children live in Chicago, who can go home from Friday afternoon until Monday morning. The buildings are modern and are situated in a location away from congested districts.

James Gibney has been connected with the Field Museum in Jackson Park for twenty-five years. His duties are the same as a janitor and caretaker combined, and there are few deaf men holding a similar record of continuous and faithful service in the same building. A new and costly structure is being built on the lake front as the gift of the late Marshall Field, and when completed in the summer of 1920, Mr. Gibney thinks he will be there.

Kansas City, Mo.

Remember the "Frats" will give a big Rabbit feast on the Eve of Christmas, at St. Grace Church. Cunningham and his friends will go out to the former's father's farm and kill some, a day before the feast. Thanksgiving they killed more than 120 rabbits.

The Ladies' Aid Society will give a social on the New Year's Eve.

Miss Genieve Reynolds, a charmingly refined young lady, who came to Toronto, Canada, with her mother from Liverpool, England, is visiting her relatives on 42d and Oak Streets.

Mamie Bradshaw had word from her friend, Mrs. Farquhar, formerly Miss Wickham, that the latter will not visit home Christmas as was her custom. Kansas City will miss her, as her presence here is always a big pleasure to every one.

Indications in letters to their friends here from almost all parts of the country, are to the effect that they are planning to save money for the big Philadelphia convention next summer. Looks like a record crowd going.

Dewey Hornbuckle's father died this week. All friends extend sincere sympathies to him.

Kansas City is going to land a convention here before several years elapse. She may not be able to get one after Philadelphia's, but she will be able to come across with some of the best competitors after that, Kansas City is the logical place, the gateway to the west, or in other words this is the place where West and East, North and South meet, thus affording the least expense to the average Deaf coming here, and this looks like a record convention, surely. Kansas City has no poor in railroad facilities. Plenty of first class hotels. Where can we hold the convention? Why, the convention Hall, and it can accommodate 16,000 people. She does not intend to offer beautiful sight seeing, scenes, etc., for the Deaf come to convention to talk, see and greet both old and new friends. But remember Kansas and Missouri are rich in sons and daughters who went to Gallaudet College, who are in various professions in all parts of the country, and who will boost the convention here. It will not be long before the competitors will see a Kansas City delegate flare-up.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

The Y. M. C. A. feature of last Wednesday evening was a sermon by Mr. Bliss, President of the Electrical School of this city.

The examination days are December 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st.

The Rats had their snow-bath on Friday evening, in six inches of snow. The Freshmen got theirs too, as they had escaped last year on account of scarcity of snow at that time.

Patterson Hill having been captured by the U. S. Army for a cantonment, we had to look elsewhere for a coasting-place. There is fairly good sport on the slope to the east of Kendall Green, facing Garlic Field.

Prof. Hughes lectured Friday evening, on the subject "The Heart of the Near East." The moving-picture machine illustrated his talk with two reels of pictures taken in the Balkan States and Armenia.

Saturday evening the Senior Co-eds performed a mock wedding in costume, to an audience consisting of all the femininity of the college. So far as we men have been able to ascertain, it seems that Miss Tredwell was the bride-groom, Miss Olson the bride, and Miss Wesen the reverend minister. The Freshie girls smuggled in a quantity of old shoes secretly, and made the affair livelier than the actresses had expected it would be.

It is intended that each of the other classes shall have its turn to provide a private entertainment on some Saturday evening. The purpose is to keep the co-eds away from the movies and to save the movies money for the War Council.

Monday was "Gallaudet Day" The class-room recitations were shortened, and chapel services held at eleven o'clock.

President Hall set in motion a program consisting of an address by Prof. Hughes, a sketch of the life of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet by Mr. Gibson, '18, and a hymn signed by Miss Lewis, '21, and spoken by Miss Peet. At the close of the services, the two Head Seniors (Miss Tredwell and Mr. Willman) led a procession of the audience to the statue of Gallaudet in front of the chapel steps, bearing between them a holy wreath which they placed upon the statue. The Co-eds are allowed the privilege of witnessing only two out of our six basket-ball league games in the Y. M. C. A. building. They have as yet made no choice of the games.

The Sophomore Concert occurred last Sunday afternoon. Miss Post led the program, which was as follows:

CONCEPTIONS OF GOD.

Hymn—Misses Flenner and Hunt. The Ancient Conception—Mr. Stevens.

The Oriental Conception—Mr. Billmeier. The Christian Conception—Mr. Davies.

The Saturday Night Dramatic Club is unable to produce its play this term.

The War Council carried out a "whirlwind campaign" (to use the words of Chairman Schowe, '18) to raise money for the Y. W. C. A. prisoners' relief fund. It started on Thursday evening, with a mass meeting of all the students. Mr. Willman, '18, and Miss Studt, '18, exhorted the audience; the chairman exhorted it some more; and then pledge cards were handed around to everybody, whereby and whereupon each person pledged himself or herself to save up any sum of money over two dollars and hand it to the War Council before February first. The pledging was called to a close on Saturday evening, and a total of \$529 realized in pledges. The Council deserves much praise for the business ability which it demonstrated in this canvass. Here is a full report of the thing:—

Submitted by Mr. Osborne, '19:
55 students.....\$197 50
9 Faculty.....45 00
7 friends.....31 00

Submitted by Miss Kau, '19:
52 Co-eds.....202 50
3 Normal students... 9 00
4 Faculty.....16 00
7 friends.....28 00

Total for College.....\$529 00

The Gallaudet Band, directed by Prof. Skyberg, made its first public appearance Thursday evening as a prelude to the War Council's mass meeting. The musicians, in addition to the Professor, are Messrs. Kannapel, '21, Harmon, '21, Coats, P. C., Pridmore, P. C., Hume, P. C., and Maczkowski, P. C.

Economy schemes are turning up every minute. The latest we have heard of is credited to Gibson, '18, who suggested that we walk instead of ride to the Y. M. C. A. building to see the basket-ball game.

It was done, in spite of the fact that a long walk through the shop section of the town offers many temptations to the fellow who has still money in his pocket saved from carfare.

Schowe, '18, who is always forming clubs, has created the "Popcorn Club," which makes pleasant use

of the fire-place in Room 24 and a popper made out of old window-screen netting.

Parliamentary action was taken one day against the "newspaper bog," who reads the morning paper from weather report to want-ads until it is a few hours old to the rest of us. Stevens, '20, got up and moved a limit of five minutes to every reader, and we passed the motion in the heat of our anger against this regular pest, the paper-bog. Nobody is exactly willing to sit in the Reading Room all day as official timekeeper for the papers; but fortunately that is not necessary now, as the bog has suddenly ceased to exist since the threatening fuss made over the matter.

The Gallaudet basket-ball team has made a poor start of its season, we must confess. Willman and Schowe, the stars, do not seem to be shining with usual brilliancy. Deer, P. C., and Coats, P. C., are pretty nearly as green as the skulls caps the Rats wear. Coach Moore is optimistic, however; he believes that we need only a little time for improvement.

According to the newspaper report, the Gallaudet five made a very uncreditable show in the game against Baltimore City College (Dec. 12th, at home). But then we had always depended so much upon the Wenger twins, and suffer from their absence at this time. Score: 43 to 28 in favor of Baltimore.

Our second game was also a defeat. George Washington got 20 to 13 out of us in the Intercollegiate League game of Saturday, Dec. 15.

Our ill success in passing the ball and scoring was due mainly to our unfamiliarity with the Y. M. C. A. court, which is larger than our court in the "Jim."

DINING ROOM NOTES.

Another pancake morning went by without the inspiring sight of Pulver, '17, hollering for more.

The dining-room clock ran ahead of time one week, and several of us who got to the door at 7:19 A. M. by the tower clock, found the door locked against us, because it was long past 7:20 inside.

New butter—white coconut oil butter. Maybe for economy. No saving, however, as we like it so much, we consume more of it than the former brand.

Some of us don't like it at all. For instance—Miss Boatwright, '21, who, when she saw it, said "Take it away, I prefer cow butter."

The food is as plain as it was last year and the cooking the same, yet there has been no kicking heard for a long time. The chronic kickers of last year have been seized by the patriotic sentiment, and now consider it war economy.

The Co-eds of the Freshman class still have to travel to their breakfast in the snow from Draper House. The Rats, too, from President Hall's mansion across the campus to the Chapel doors. Some appetite when they get there! Did you ever? What? Stand the plain grub until you got the money to go to the Olive Cafe for a meal, and upon coming back learn that the matron has just given the rest of us the best dinner we have had for several weeks?

Notice

TO THOSE WISHING TO APPLY FOR WORK AT THE GOODYEAR TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY.

Warning is herein issued to applicants for work at Goodyear that the following precautions be taken before coming to Akron.

First send for an application blank. Fill this out and return. When you are notified to come, bring recommendations from your last employer and the principal or superintendent of your school. At this time of the year the various departments in which the deaf can work are overcrowded. In the past it has been the habit of deaf-mutes to disregard application blanks and come to Akron without notice. Most of them were fortunate in securing positions. Of late several have been unable to secure work and incurred some expense and loss of time owing to the above conditions. If you have a deaf mute friend who is planning to come to Akron please tell him about this notice and save him possible disappointment.

A. D. MARTIN, Labor Dept.

Authorized by—
F. H. FULLER, Asst. Mgr. Labor Dept.
The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co.

Baptist Minister to the Deaf
Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio.

REV. E. CLAYTON WYAND, M. A.

Ordained Minister.

SERVICES OPEN TO AND FOR ALL.
The minister makes a specialty of Readings and Lectures for social organizations. Assembly rooms furnished free anywhere in above States.

Address: Keedville, Md.

Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf

St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House
528 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.

Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Missionary-in-charge.

Mr. Thomas Marsden, Lay-Reader.

Mrs. Alice M. Andrews, Parish Visitor.

SERVICES:
Evening Prayer and Sermon, every Sunday, 8:00 P. M.

Holy Communion and Sermon, last Sunday in each month, 11 A. M.

Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P. M.

ALL THE DEAF CORDIALLY INVITED.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

On Thursday evening, December 13th, the Deaf-Mutes Union League elected new officers; who will be installed on January 24th, 1918, and guide the destinies of League for twelfth months. They are: Charles J. LeClerc, President; Marcus L. Kenner, First Vice-President; Henry Peters, Second Vice-President; Anthony Capelli (re-elected), Secretary; Emil Basch (re-elected), Treasurer.

Messrs. S. Frankenheim, Charles Schatzkin and Felix A. Simonson were elected to serve with the above officers to comprise the Board of Governors.

On December 31st, the League will hold a Watch Night, but only members and their lady friends and wives will be admitted.

On Thursday evening, January 3d, 1918, there will be a meeting in its rooms to observe the anniversary of the founding of the organization, and members will be privileged to invite friends.

On Thursday evening, January 10th, 1918, after the regular meeting there will be a special meeting to enable the Treasurer and Committees to wind up their reports.

Lastly, but not the least important, will be the Annual Meeting held on Thursday evening, January 24th, 1918, when officers will compare records made during the year with former years, and then install the new officers.

One of the youngest members of the League, Mendel Berman, has charge of the Basket Ball affair billed for February 23d, 1918, but about this more anon.

On Saturday evening, December 15th, all the members of the League of Elect Surds except Bro. Thomas F. Fox were present, at the invitation of Bro. Alex. L. Pach, at his studio on the 21st floor of Trinity Building, where they held their Annual Meeting, and also elected officers for the ensuing year, as follows: Grand Ruler, Bro. Max Miller; Deputy Grand Ruler, Anthony Capelli; Grand Treasurer, Edwin A. Hodgson; Grand Secretary, Charles J. LeClerc; Grand Tiler, H. C. Kohlman; Grand Alternates, Simon Kahn; Grand Counsellors, Thomas F. Fox, Alex. L. Pach and E. Souweine.

After the election, two of the members were advanced to higher degrees.

Bro. McMann was initiated to the Companionship, and Bro. Sturiz to associate comradeship.

A committee, comprising Bros. McMann, Hodgson and LeClerc, was appointed to arrange for the Annual inaugural dinner, to be held in February.

THE S. W. J. D. CHANUKAH CELEBRATION.

On Sunday, the sixteenth day of December, and the eighth day of the Jewish Festival of Chanukah, the Society for the Welfare of the Jewish Deaf held a special service and reunion. An immense crowd, which taxed the capacity of the Society's building, attended. Rabbi Albert J. Amateau delivered an appropriate sermon, in which he explained the historical significance of Chanukah and its bearing on the present situation of the Jewish people. He was followed by the well-known philanthropist and friend of the deaf, Mr. Abraham Erlanger, the President of the Society. In a few well-chosen and eloquent words, which Rabbi Amateau interpreted in the sign language, Mr. Erlanger appealed to the assembled deaf to lend their moral support to the Society. "We do not want your money," he explained, "but your soul." His remarks were loudly cheered.

After this came a number of brief addresses by such prominent members as Messrs. Emanuel Souweine, Louis A. Cohen, Marcus L. Kenner, Adolph Flegenheimer and Max Lubin, in which all present were urged to join the S. W. J. D. As a result of these exhortations, a considerable number joined.

The services over, the crowd proceeded to the gymnasium, where refreshments were served. After the repast, panoramic views of Sweden's beautiful landscapes were exhibited. And the reunion was rounded out with dancing, which lasted till late in the evening. In brief, it was a gala affair, such as one usually witnesses when the SWJD celebrates.

Announcement has been made of the Society's next affair, which will take place the coming Sunday, December 23d. The chief features will be Tag-of-War, War Student, Basket Ball, Indian Club, and Handicap Games, in which the Lincoln team and our own will contest for the prizes. There will also be dancing and refreshments. The affair will commence at 4 P.M., and continue until late in the evening. Admission is 15 cents. All are welcome.

Mr. Samuel Frankenheim has been appointed by the Treasury Department as an authorized agent to handle and sell War Savings Stamps, and has been entered on record to sell stamps to the deaf. He will endeavor to be present at gatherings of the deaf and will cheerfully explain the merits of the new and novel system of saving money.

The stamps are introduced with the idea of stopping the small leaks of your purses and foolish frittering away of nickels, dimes and quarters.

It is proposed that two billions of dollars will be raised from this source alone before December 31, 1918, and would exercise a tremendous influence on the conduct of the war against Germany to the extent at least that it would be shortened. At the same time, it will save lives of the loved ones who must prepare to go forth and carry the Banner of Liberty and Democracy to the battle front.

Look up his new advertisement on the back of this paper. Cut it out as a reminder and see him wherever he happens to be. He will carry the stamps and folders on his person.

Mr. Frankenheim is required to make a weekly report to the National War Savings Committee, at 51 Chambers Street, and it is in turn transmitted to the Treasury Department at Washington, as to the amount of stamps he has sold to the deaf public. Therefore, it is to be hoped the deaf will make a good and patriotic front, and make an impression on the authorities, both in this city and Washington.

Lovers of basket-ball and dancing will have the opportunity of seeing a game where the Lexingtons and Bronx Church House (big five) will come together on Saturday, December 22d. The Lexingtons are going after new laurels.

Bronx Church House can be reached from surface and 'L' lines. It is situated on 171st Street and Fulton Avenue. All who take subway transfer 149th Street to 'L' trains, getting off at Claremont Parkway (172 Street), walk one block East to Fulton Avenue. From surface cars running on 3d Avenue, get off 171st Street, walk one block East.

The preliminary game will see the Lexington School team and Bronx Church House seconds. Admission 25 cts. Ladies 10 cents. Dancing before, between halves, and after game.

A Watchnight Carnival and Costume Party is advertised for New Year's Eve, December 31st, at St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The committee in charge, consisting of Mr. Alfred C. Stern, as Chairman, ably assisted by seven young ladies and gentlemen, is diligently planning to make the affair a great success in every way. From early in the evening till early morning, a continuous program of entertainment, fun and frolic, is arranged. There will be a short entertainment by volunteers, followed by a masquerade party and dance, for which prizes to the winners of the best costumes will be awarded. After which comes the carnival of fun.

James F. Donnelly, Jr., of 811 Walnut Street, who is now with the old 23d Infantry supply train at Spartanburg, has been promoted to sergeant. He was appointed to the supply train while the regiment was at Pharr, Tex., last year. When the regiment was ordered to Spartanburg his application to be restored to Co. F was denied and shortly after he was appointed to his present position. "Jim" hopes to get a furlough so he can come home for the holidays. Donnelly was formerly employed in the Record office.—*Richmond Hill Record.*

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Meisel reached the 30th anniversary of their wedding day December 4th, but as Mr. Meisel was laid up with LaGrippe, there was no celebration of the occasion. The writer wishes them many more anniversaries with health and happiness accompanying them.

Mrs. S. Grossman, of Boston, came to New York to attend the wedding of her brother, Frank, and intends to lengthen her stay to a month with her parents in Brooklyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Capelli are overjoyed. On December 18th they heard from their oldest son, who is in the Navy. They had not seen or heard from him since August 3d last.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Winters, of Brooklyn, on Sunday, December 2d. They also have a little girl seven years of age.

Cadwallader Washburn was located in Swatow, China, on the 9th of October. He was contemplating a trip to Bangkok, Siam, and later to Chungmai, Siam, on the border of Burma, India. A letter received at the JOURNAL office could not be forwarded, because of the uncertainty of his address. If the writer sends name and address the letter will be returned.

FANWOOD.

The following letters of sympathy, sent to Mrs. Currier from foreign lands, indicate quite impressively the strength and influence of the late Enoch Henry Currier in matters relating to the education of the deaf. No one who visited Fanwood during his regime failed to be impressed with his great ability and the wonderful work of the school. The Japanese lady, Miss Imura, spent two weeks at the school about four years ago:—

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF TEACHERS OF THE DEAF.

(PRESIDENT: LORD SHEFFIELD.)

A. F. BOYER, Hon. Secretary
SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, VERSAILLES ROAD,
ANERLEY, LONDON, S. E. 20.

Nov. 11, 1917.
DEAR MADAM: At a Special General Meeting of the above Association, held on November 17th, a resolution was passed, expressing the deepest sympathy with the sad loss you have recently sustained, in the death of your husband. As the chairman very aptly put it: "Not only is America the poorer by his death, but so is this country; in fact, deaf education generally." With the deepest sympathy, I remain, Yours faithfully,
A. F. BOYER.

TOKIO, JAPAN, Nov. 1917.

DEAR MRS. CURRIER:—The DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL brought me the saddest news I could hardly believe this report. My sympathy with you for your grief and also for your husband's death will give me this country, but also for the world. I always admired his charming personality. Though my visit in his school is not very long, yet he imparted me many useful, precious instruction and informations, which benefitted me all my life. I always respect him and love him as my dear teacher. I think him heartily for his kindness.

My grief with you is so great and I have no proper word to console you. However, my sympathy with you will give me mercy upon you, and will comfort you forever. I remain,
Yours Most Sincerely,
E. IMURA,
19 Maruyamacho, Kotshikawa,
Tokio, Japan.

BASKET-BALL.

These are days of life for the old gym. The big tournaments for medals of both the several boy and girl basket-ball teams are already launched in their first stage.

It is an inter-team competition, six of the boys' organizations and four of the girls playing a certain series with each other. Each team is very evenly matched, and the players selected are of the best in the pupil body. The boys' teams are distinguished by names of our great Presidents: the girls by the colors—viz., the reds, the blues, yellows and greens. Manager Margraf is official referee of the boys' contests, while Miss Mathews, physical director, acts in similar capacity for the girls.

The games commenced last Monday, December 10th, the opening game being played by the boys. Principal Gardner tossing up the ball. Judged by the past week's activity on the court and the large gatherings of cheering onlookers crowding the gym stand, benches, ladder, and every available beam, nook and wall, the work of both boys and girls will be preserved with lasting comment. The present athletic world, both in and out at Fanwood, is thus aroused to a happy and high state of anticipation.

Manager Margraf is highly pleased with the fine spirit of enthusiasm with which the competition is received. The same spirit in play has brought about several fine games. According to similar remarks from Miss Mathews, the girls, though a bit embarrassed at their first exhibition before visitors, are playing with unusual ability—far better than their accustomed gymnasium class work.

There is yet improvement to be made in passing and team union. The process of studying each opponent's weakness and in developing the code systems of fast and accurate play, will very soon bring forth crowning results of keen rivalry.

The present standing of the teams:

Teams	Games played	Won	Lost	P. C.
Washingtons	2	2	0	1.000
Lincolns	1	1	0	1.0 0
Roosevelts	1	0	1	.000
Jeffersons	0	0	0	.000
Grants	0	0	0	.000
Wilson	2	0	2	.000

What was in many aspects a Christmas entertainment, was given by the older girls of Miss Burchard's Sixth Oral Class Saturday evening, before the F. L. A. The program presented in excellent order arrangement was:—

READING—"Ophel's Christmas Mail," by Lillian E. Downie.

READING—"A Dog and His Master," by Wilhelmina Gault.

READING—"The Magic Christmas Gift," by Jennie Peterson.

READING—"The Romance of a Christmas Card," by Connie Pizatos.

READING—"Cornelia's Jewels," by Sophia Sadowitz.

READING—"First Visit of St. Nicholas," by Elsie C. DeCamillis.

READING—"Who Helped Bert," by Mary Denham.

READING—"The Endless Tale," by Katie Schwartz.

READING—"Taking the Flag Back," by Jessie Garrick.

Christmas of Other Nations.

The brief variety and simplicity of each recital was much appreciated as attested by the applause. Of course, young ladies are far more graceful in signs than awkward "all

man" with his thrilling desperado; so with the help of Miss Burchard it was not surprising Al was attained. The last event that did not fail to bring concentration from every eye was the "Christmas of Other Nations." The girls, dressed to personate America, France, Switzerland, Scotland, Japan, Italy, Norway, Spain, Holland and the Orient, came to the platform individually in manner and costume of the nation so portrayed and told of Christmas. The boys and girls present learned much, and praise cannot be over given.

The first heavy snow blanket of the winter covered Fanwood and this town with an unusual feathery down, which for a time hampered progress. The pupils suffered slightly, that being the only change from outdoor to indoor life. Games and story-telling formed the focus of interest during leisure.

What so happy as a shopping expedition composed entirely of ambitious young ladies? The question could have been answered by anyone, last week, when Principal Gardner kindly gave permission to a bevy of smiling young ladies to invade New York's shopping district. We also learn they did. And to make doubly sure the invasion was complete, the Cadet Officers followed a few days later, and hence the question arises: What so rare as a specimen of man near the ribbon counters?

From Solomon, the great wise man of the Bible, whose wisdom may be found in the Book of Proverbs, the pupils learned through Principal Gardner, who preached the morning chapel service, that a man in whom we can place no trust is like a broken tooth.

The sermon was an impressive heart talk of real worth, and was eloquently set forth.

Prof. Edward S. Burdick, who has very recently been seriously ill with double pneumonia, delighted quite a few by a surprise visit to the pupils and school Wednesday of last week. The friends of our good teacher will be happy to learn that, from appearances, there is every indication that he is on the road to robust health. We all look to see him back at duty after the holidays.

This Saturday, December 22d, dates the beginning of the holiday season, which will extend to January 2d. The pupils are in jubilant spirits, but are not forgetful of their country's war needs and injunctions. To all connected with the school, the writer extends the season's greetings.

IOWA.

"DIARY OF A BOOYER WEEK."
Sunday—No "chocolate!" It's a sweetless day!
Monday—No fire! It's a heatless day!
Tuesday—No beef! It's a meatless day!
Wednesday—No bread! It's a wheatless day!
Thursday—No cigars! It's a smokeless day!
Friday—Stand up lunch! A seatless day!
Saturday—No sugar! A sweetsless day!
And every day is an eat-less day!
SAM L. MORRIS.

One of the enjoyable Kensingtons given now and then by the Aux Frats was held at the home of Mrs. J. Schuyler Long in Council Bluffs, Saturday afternoon, November 24th. There was a good attendance of industrious ladies, and to those who do not believe in Kensingtons for deaf women, let me say that they did knit and did talk and did partake of a substantial lunch. The Owls, who were going to the Chapter meeting that evening, remained with Mrs. Long during the interval between the two meetings. They made good use of it too, as they organized a local chapter of the National O. W. L. S. One of the officers of the National organization, Mrs. Ota Blankenship, was present and she was honored by being elected President, and Miss Sarah Streby was elected Secretary.

The Owls in this vicinity eligible to membership are: Mesdames, Ella F. Black Long, ex-'92; Augusta Krause Barrett, ex-'95; Maude Brizendine Sowell, '01; Florence Phelps Rother, ex-'00; Ota Crawford Blankenship, ex-'03; Emma Morris Seely, '05; Mabel Fritz Long, '06; Misses Sarah B. Streby, '09; Stacia Kuta, '15; Grace Evans, ex-'16; Mrs. Lily Mokko Treunke, ex-'19; Miss Ella Cowen, ex-'19; Miss Catherine Marks, ex-'07.

The star of good fortune which governs fraternal (or sisterly?) activities of deaf women seems to hover over the Mid-West. Six of the Owls above mentioned are Aux Frats, and proudly wear the Frat emblem pin. One of them, Mrs. J. S. Long, is also an Eastern Star.

Mrs. Barrett was one of the girls at Gallaudet who organized the O. W. L. S., and she was present that afternoon and is now a member of the new Chapter. There is now heard a gentle knocking at the doors of the N. F. S. D., for the admission of deaf women. Shall they be admitted to equal membership with the men, or shall they establish an independent order? The Frat, the official organ of the N. F. S. D., had a discussion of this subject last summer and only one of those discussing it was unfavorable to their admission.

But we have heard little in the press from the women themselves. As the question is to come up at the Frat Convention in Philadelphia next Summer, it seems that this the proper time for the women to express their views and wishes on this important question. To the writer, it seems that the independent order is the solution, as this could gather in all deaf women, while if the Frats do admit women, they probably will admit only those who are wives or relatives of Frats. I am sure our Editor, a champion of the progress of the deaf in all lines will give space to discuss this matter. Won't you, Mr. Editor? [Gladly.—ED. JOURNAL.]

The Mid-West Chapter of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association held its November meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Z. B. Thompson. There was a short business session and then President Rother said the Year Book was ready for distribution. As he held it aloof, it was received with a demonstration of applause, as the outside cover carried the "Star Spangled Banner," printed in colors red, white and blue. This color scheme was used in the program, so it is beautiful as well as useful. It was the work of Mr. Thompson, the Instructor of printing at the Iowa School. There were thirty-five members present and the evening passed swiftly playing "Fifty Hundred." The prizes were in keeping with the conservation spirit of the times—they were "eggless-milkless-butterless" cakes and cookies. They were won by Mr. Treunke, Mr. and Mrs. Seely, and Mrs. W. H. Rother. As there are so many members now, there will be more than the usual number of meetings. The following is the program for the season:

September meeting, Council Bluffs—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Barrett, host and hostess. Vacation Experiences and Anecdotes.

October meeting, Omaha—Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sowell, host and hostess. An Evening With Dr. Edward Miner Gallaudet. Dr. Gallaudet, the Idealist. Mr. W. S. Long, Dr. Gallaudet, the Diplomat. Dr. Olaf Hanson, in Memory of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, Mrs. Ota C. Blankenship.

November meeting, Council Bluffs—Mr. and Mrs. Zach B. Thompson, host and hostess. Fifty Hundred.

December meeting (special), Omaha—Supt. and Mrs. F. W. Booth, host and hostess. Program to be decided upon and arranged by the host and hostess.

January meeting, Council Bluffs—Mr. and Mrs. E. L. W. Jackson, host and hostess. An Evening With Cards.

February meeting, Council Bluffs—Mr. and Mrs. Barry Long, host and hostess. An Evening With Cards.

March meeting, Omaha—Mr. and Mrs. E. Seely, host and hostess.

Special meeting, Council Bluffs—Mr. and Mrs. E. Stewart, host and hostess. An Evening With Cards.

April meeting, Omaha—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rother, host and hostess.

May meeting, Council Bluffs—Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Long, host and hostess. An Evening With Cards.

June meeting, Council Bluffs—Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Holloway, host and hostess. Election of Officers and "500"

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Mrs. Ada Heinze recently made a wonderful birthday cake. It was nearly ten inches high, and surmounted by 64 candles, and was much admired by the company of 60 people gathered to celebrate her mother's birthday.

An interesting letter lately came to the writer from Miss Lou Little, of Buffalo, N. Y. She ought to be a correspondent herself, having an eye for everything unusual and interesting. Her nephew and niece have been taking her to many points of interest in their big Hudson. She has had a trip to Niagara Falls, and is to have another, as the Falls are said to be beautiful when they are frozen. She has also had a lovely visit of three weeks with Mrs. Sabra Wilson, at Arcade.

It is feared a Council Bluffs boy, Walter Morrisetti, lost his life in the sinking of the destroyer *Jacob Jones*. He was one of the ship's cooks and has been on her ever since she was launched. He enlisted in the Navy six years ago. Two years ago he was home for a visit to his mother, Mrs. Carrie Morrisetti, teacher of domestic science at the Iowa School, with which she has been connected for a long time.

We have come again to the season of holiday gifts and greetings, of Christmas song and cheer. How hard to say "A Merry Christmas," this year, in the face of the world's horrors and misery. There is an old Christmas poem: "It Came Upon The Midnight Clear," which was written at a war time Christmas. Here are the last verses which breathe hopes of the peace for which we all pray, "Peace on the earth, good will to men."

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow—
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
With the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold:
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

Died.
FARRELL—December 15th, Mary (nee Kearney), wife of Thomas Farrell. Funeral from son's residence 307 East 88th Street, Wednesday, December 19th, 2:30 P.M.

DETROIT.

News items of interest to the deaf of Michigan may be addressed to Mrs. C. C. Colby, 809 Marquette Building, Detroit. Subscriptions will be received and forwarded to the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

The Second Annual Bazaar of the Ladies' Guild of Saturday, December 1st, was pronounced a most wonderful success, as evidenced by the steady stream of deaf and their friends. A profit of over one hundred dollars was secured, and the treasury is now the richer by that amount.

The bazaar was under the excellent general chairmanship of Mrs. Isaac F. Friday, assisted by several committees.

A splendid supper was served the public, and never before did the dining hall of St. John's Episcopal Church look more attractive. A flag was draped on the center wall, making a striking colorful background for the booths with their gay and pretty articles. The hall was ablaze with bright colors and many useful articles—suggestions for the holiday season. The front platform was transformed into a beautiful dining room, with four snowy white tables.

Mrs. Daniel Whitehead was, in charge of the dining-room, and was assisted by Madames Jones, Hull, Stark, Wells, Sawhill and Heymanson. The ladies were dressed in crepe paper of pink, white, blue and yellow. The menu consisted of American roast beef, Canadian mashed potato, rich brown *a la Francaise* gravy, stewed tomatoes, New England pies, cakes, allies, fruits, milk and coffee. It was a self-serve supper—thirty five cents a plate for adults, and fifteen cents for children.

Several young Misses walked around urging all to try their luck in the depths of the grab bags.

There were six booths—"Infants' articles," presided by Mrs. Davis (hearing), assisted by Ruth Colby. Stranger than fiction, many men patronized this booth for Christmas gifts. The linen and fancy articles was in charge of Mrs. Waters, assisted by Mrs. Pook and Mrs. Colby. For these articles credit is due to Mrs. R. McLachlan for her patient labor for several months.

The confectionery booth was presided over by Mrs. Perry, assisted by her two daughters.

The grocery booth was presided over by Mrs. Affeldt. Jars of preserves, jellies, canned goods, etc., also attracted the buyers. The ice cream booth was presided over by Mrs. Bull, assisted by her thirteen year old daughter. Ice cream was enjoyed by the thirsty throng. The bakery booth was presided over by Mrs. Gottlieb and Mesdames Leach, Brown and Miss Stark, also produced good profits. A unique feature of the bakery booth was the four ladies dressed alike, in black costumes with white caps. The goods were tempting, and men, especially, husbands of the lady members, bought them for their Sunday dinner, as their wives had spent all day (Saturday) at the bazaar. Thank you, gentlemen.

The committee in charge labored very strenuously and their efforts were well awarded. A bushel of thanks be given to all people presents especially William Cornish and Mr. and Mrs. Heymanson, who helped push the bazaar to success.

The Detroit Association of the Deaf held their first anniversary celebration of the foundation at their new hall, 82 Broadway Avenue, second floor, Sunday afternoon, December 9th. A good time was given and elegant prizes awarded.

Admission was free, and refreshments were served. New officers were elected on Sunday evening, November 25th, for the ensuing year: Thomas Kenney, President; Wm. Mosby, Vice-President; Frank McHugh, Secretary; and Wm. Brendt, Treasurer. They will have a rally on watch night, December 31st, at the same hall. Everybody is welcome.

Evian R. Scott and bride, of Boston, spent their honeymoon in Detroit. They were married November 26th. They met old friends at the Guild Bazaar and received congratulations.

Mr. Scott is contemplating taking a position in Detroit, as they both fell in love with this beautiful city.

Mrs. Daniel R. Montieret, of Ypsilanti, was at the bazaar, shopping for Christmas. Her husband is a "Jack of all trades." They have three fine children.

Miss Lella Bailey, of Flint, was at the bazaar and was a guest of her old school friends. She has a nice position at the Laboratory in Flint. Come to Detroit often, Lella.

Mrs. Toegel and Mrs. Snowea were at the bazaar with big shopping bags.

The deaf Episcopalians of Flint have organized a Bible Class, to be held at the Episcopal Church, every Sunday at 7:30 P.M. Mr. E. M. Bristol is in charge.

Mrs. Harry Brown's aged mother died the day before Thanksgiving and was buried in Vassar, Mich.

Mr. James Hull had his right side sprained from a fall he received, while assisting the ladies to fix up the booths, Friday evening.

William Glaze, of Chattanooga, Tenn., is in Detroit, and works at the Hoyt laundry. He is a Frat.

E. T. McMullen entertained some jolly boys to his home recently with "Pedro." He cooked the meal, including jello, for his guests. Among the guests were Frank Hollbrook, Meloch, William and Aloys Japes. Ask the boys about the jello.

Mrs. Ivan Heymanson had a happy birthday December the first. She was remembered with some nice presents.

Hyman Horwitz, Russian newsboy, sells all the Detroit papers and magazines. He is a product of Flint School.

Mrs. Henry Germer returned home to Flint, after spending a very pleasant visit with relatives and friends. She was present at the bazaar and praised the good work of the Guild.

Messrs. Meloch and Aloys Japes went to Columbus, Ohio, and other points, the last week of November.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you all.

Mrs. C. C. C.

OMAHA.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Leitner stopped over in Lincoln and Omaha several days, before leaving for Pittsburg, where they will make their home.

Somewhere In California.

The fourth day of December! Automobiles are whizzing by with fair chauffeurs at the wheels, sans coats or other wraps.

On the streets, one sees plenty of straw hats, transparent sleeves and thin waists, just as in July and August. In fact, the seasons are a mix-up the year around, here, for one may pass a girl in a crepe Georgette creation, sans wrap, and immediately behind her, may come a demure matron in a heavy coat, let the month be what it may.

Greenery and flowers the year around, but, let me confide this—it is old looking greenery through all the dry months of summer and fall, and I miss the freshening summer showers of my native state. Unless you keep your lawn sprinkler going, your grass and flowers will be a sorry sight. We've had one rain and sprinkle, so far. Before many days more, the winter rains will be here, and then it will be to laugh.

Up here on Bunker Hill, we look serenely out upon our well-paved, well-trained street, and remain indoors or on the heights until some time after a real rain, else—ha, ha!

I have not forgotten the autumn morning, a year and more ago, when I awoke and looked upon the first real rain I had seen here. I was then on the level main area of the city, and I gasped and started in startled amazement. A flood was sweeping down the street, which the sewers were wholly inadequate to receive and carry away. I was quite sure we had had a cloudburst.

Old-timers laconically remarked, when I called their attention to it, "It comes down from the hills." Wherefore I established myself on this hill top, and should worry, when the streets are rushing torrents down on the main level.

"Its soon over, we don't mind it!" is the way Leo Angelinos dismiss the subject.

If the whole country is humming with Red Cross work, Conservation work, and every sort of work in the interest of the boys we are sending to France, and of feeding our Allies, as here, then indeed the Allies may feel greatly heartened and strengthened, for Los Angeles is certainly doing a goodly share of all branches of work for the soldiers, etc.

I want to add one more name to the list of sons of deaf parents, who enlisted and may even now be in the trenches "over there." I refer to Paul Gustin, the fine, manly younger son of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Gustin, of Seattle, Washington. Particulars as to the branch he entered have not yet reached me, but he enlisted, did not wait for the draft; and from my personal acquaintance with him, I feel quite sure that he will render a splendid account of himself.

I am told that his elder brother, Edward, also desired to enlist, but was prevented by some slight disability.

John Cloud's letters are tid-bits eagerly devoured, and the Oliver Twistian cry for "More!" doubtless rises from all over the country. They are so interesting.

When a tiny girl, I often heard my father, who was still thinking of the Civil War, sing—

"Brave boys are they! They've gone at their country's call,
And yet, and yet, we can not forget
That many brave boys must fall!"

We all hope and pray that none of these brave sons of deaf parents will fall, but each and all return to their homes covered with honor and glory, Amen!

In some of the churches here, the pastors have given the women permission to bring their knitting (for the soldiers) and knit during services. At our church? Oh, no!

We had a fine sermon at the First Congregational Church Union meeting, a week ago, by Rev. George Kennigott, himself a German and with many dear friends in Germany, where he had visited, but a loyal American, for all that, who grieves over the mistakes of the German war-party, and prays fervently for the ending of the frightful carnage. Prof. Kennedy interpreted the sermon for us.

Not many easterners, I fancy, care about November days in picnic fashion in the parks. A small party of us enjoyed a gloriously beautiful November day in Exposition Park. The weather was perfect, and barring the one little item of the coffee refusing to boil or infuse properly, there wasn't a flaw in the perfection of the day. After lunch we "did" the art gallery, where we saw a truly beautiful and wonderful collection of post card reproductions of scenes in the war zone, executed by French artists in the trenches. Some of the finer bits of work were priced as high as \$10 and \$15. Many were marked "Sold."

After wondering why I was asked so many times if I knew Mrs. Allen, (and always replying in the negative,) I came across the item in the new Frat paper published here, about Mrs. Celia Potter Allen being a visitor in over midst, and then I got busy and renewed an acquaintance that began in the days antedating my school-ma'am experience.

Mrs. Allen is a delightful conversationalist, and fine story-teller. She expects to remain in Los Angeles for the winter.

Miss Mamie Peek is the happy possessor of a new Dodge Sedan, a truly beautiful car. Miss Mildred Angle operates it with the ease and dexterity of an expert chauffeur.

Miss Chenoweth has been battling with a bad cold, but is reported fairly well again.

Mr. Terry reports business at his new Hollywood print shop as brisk, almost too brisk, which speaks well for the satisfaction his work is giving.

Wee Miss Elizabeth Regensburg, spent the Thanksgiving holidays at home with her mother and uncles in Venice, returning to her school in Pomona on Sunday afternoon, the 2d inst. It will please the many friends of "Reggie," back east, to know that his little daughter is growing up a most lovable little Miss,—warm hearted, generous, sensible; apparently free from self-consciousness and vanity, and quite intelligent. Her mother related an amusing reply that the little girl made when asked what part of the turkey she wished.

She promptly replied, "I want the *soul*, because it is immortal." (Did the tot mean the heart?)

Mrs. Regensburg laughingly remarked that her little daughter got the turkey question mixed up with her catechism.

Yours truly is a disciple of Hoover with the utmost cheerfulness. One of our largest grocery companies here, disgusted at the greed of the bakers in forcing up prices of bread-stuff, built a large baking establishment of its own and proceeded to turn out excellent bakery goods, with the result that its baking counters are crowded and the clerks kept on the jump. I noted what I supposed was an exceedingly fine brand of graham bread in one of their cases, not long ago, and called out to the clerk, "One loaf of graham bread, please!" "We're out!" was the surprising answer, and when I pointed to the pile of brown loaves before me, she said, "That's war bread." "It looks good. I'll try it," I said, and since then I am seldom without it. However, I've seen "war bread" in other stores that did not look at all tempting, so I'm careful to go always to the same place for my "war bread." Its fine.

This Hooverism is mighty convenient "camouflage," when any one drops in to see me. In the forenoon. As a cook, I am not a howling success, but I urge my caller to stay for lunch and then announce that it is to be a "Hoover" lunch—and get away with it just like that!

Here's another joke on your truly. Some of us had been talking N. A. D. matters and suddenly remembered that we hadn't paid our dues for the current year. I kept thinking of it at odd times, when not convenient to write until the *Nad* arrived and I saw, to my chagrin, as well as relief, that I am a life member! I should like to reach across the continent and shake hands with Mrs. Sabra Wilson. It seems that we are the only ones who pledged the amount asked at San Francisco, and kept the pledge. Wake up gentlemen!

As I happen to know that several people enjoy every joke at my expense, and as I've been roasted and laughed at until I've grown callous thereto, here's yet another joke that went against me.

The big, spoiled pet that shares my quarters and has the freedom of the rest of this big house, discovered that the screen door at the front entrance had such weak springs that he could open it with ease, so, whenever the way was clear, he pushed it open and scooted across lots to an opening in the foundation of a certain house he wot of, and spent the hours until nightfall beneath that house, sallying forth after the stars came out and waiting around the corner of our abode for me to go and beckon him in!

One unlucky evening, something frightened him before I got him safely up the porch steps. He discovered a small aperture under the porch and wriggled through it.

When I finally succeeded, hours afterwards, in coaxing him out (he is deaf, too!) he was a cross between an alley-cat and a chimney-sweep. His color was nondescript, and very black, sooty cobwebs were draped across his face.

Wiping him off with a cloth had to suffice for that night, but the next morning I got busy. While he did not give me a scratch during the strenuous bath I gave him, his howls brought the landlady from the upper floor, sure that the poor cat, (she persists in calling him "Pussy") was suffering tortures.

When I finished with that enormous Persian, I wrapped him up in an old white sweater, cuddled him in my arms, and going out on the front steps, sat down in the sunshine to get his long fur thoroughly dry. He really seemed proud of himself when at last he stood, snow-white and fluffy, and soft as silk, in my room once more. That was on Monday.

Wednesday morning, I awoke to find one window screen lying on the floor and the cat, of course, gone. Late that evening, he came creeping home, knowing I would be watching for him, and raising his plummy tail high over his back at sight of me, came in and announced his readiness for supper. And after a day spent under that old house!

Certain! "Love's labor lost!" The next time I go to a Kitten Bazar and am given a cat. I hope it will be a black one.

Then, when my dear friends ask to see him, they will not embarrass me with the now often repeated question, "Do you ever bathe him?"—as if one hour under an old house could not undo the work of soap and water and the most painstaking hands!

"Novice" is writing up the locals quite satisfactorily, but until I was told his identity, I was quite convinced that it was a lady. It was my impression that the young man had gone to college.

If this breaks into print in time, I desire hereby to extend to all JOURNAL readers, and to my acquaintances in particular, my very sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas, despite the shadow of the worst war the world has ever known, and for a bright and happy New Year which, let us all hope, will see the passing of the war clouds and the return of peace to all the earth. Meanwhile, let us not grow weary in well-doing—in "doing our bit," as opportunity offers. Every "bit" helps.

C. E. C.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., every Sunday, 9 A.M., and 3 P.M.
Holy Communion, December 10th, 9 A.M.
Christmas Day, 10:30 A.M.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, every Sunday, 3 P.M.
Holy Communion, December 23d.

DECEMBER.

16th—Anniversary Service of the Mission in St. Ann's Church, 8 P.M.
23d—Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., Holy Communion, 8 P.M.
30th—St. John's Church, Stamford, Ct., Holy Communion, 9:30 A.M.
Gallaudet Home, 10:30 A.M.
St. George's Church, Newburgh, 8:30 P.M.

Rev. F. C. Smiehaus, Appointment.

DECEMBER.

21—St. Andrew's Harrisburg, 8 p.m. Lecture.
22—St. Luke's, Lebanon, 7:30 p.m.
23—St. James' Lancaster, 9:30 a.m., Holy Communion.
St. James' Lancaster, 10:30 a.m.
St. Andrew's Harrisburg, 8 p.m., Holy Communion.
St. John's, York, 6:30 p.m.
28—St. Paul's Erie, 8 p.m.
29—Trinity, Rochester, 8 p.m.
30—Trinity, Pittsburg, 10:45 a.m., Holy Communion.
Christ Church, Greensburg, 2:30 p.m.
St. Mark's, Johnstown, 7:30 p.m.
31—St. Luke's, Altoona, 8 p.m.
Rev. FRANKLIN C. SMIEHAUS,
Box 225, Williamsport, Pa.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.

Mr. A. O. Stedemann, Lay Reader.
Miss Clara L. Stedemann, Sunday School Teacher and Social Helper.
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Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Week day social and literary meetings on first and third Fridays, at 7 P.M.
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The deaf cordially invited.
Minister's address: 3906 Virginia Avenue.

Diocese of Connecticut.

Rev. G. H. HEFFLON, Minister.

AUTUMN, 1917.

Hartford—Christ Church, first and third Sundays of the month, at 8 P.M.
Bridgeport—St. John's Church, Park Avenue, second Sundays, at 8 P.M.
New Haven—Trinity Parish House, Temple Street, second Sundays, at 7 P.M.
Waterbury—St. John's Church, Parish House, third Sundays, at 7 P.M.
Pittsfield, Mass.—St. Stephen's Church, first Sunday of month, at 8:30 P.M.
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Twentieth Annual DANCE and ENTERTAINMENT

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Moose Hall, 450 Asylum Street, Hartford, Ct.
[Opposite Union Station]

Saturday Evening, February 9, 1918

Admission, 35 Cents

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Carnival

Costume Party

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New Year's Eve, Dec. 31, 1917

Admission, 25 Cents (including refreshments)

Prizes to winning costumes.

Tenth Annual MASK AND CIVIC BALL

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CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL

under the auspices of the

Lutheran Guild for the Deaf

to be held at

St. Luke's Church

42d Street, bet. Eighth Avenue and Times Square, N. Y. City

Saturday Evening, Dec. 29th,

at eight o'clock

Admission, 25 Cents (Including Refreshments and Little Presents for Xmas)

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Hartford, 1917

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New York City

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KRUEGER AUDITORIUM

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Saturday evening, January 5th, 1918.

Special prize will be given to the club that receives the most votes in the Deaf Mute Club contest. The Rule—One voting ticket will be distributed to each lady and gentleman at the Ball door, then she or he shall fill out the ticket with the name of her or his favorite club, and then drop in the Ballot Box in the Krueger Auditorium, 8 to 11 P.M. Fifteen valuable prizes awarded to Ladies and Gentlemen.

MUSIC BY PROF. VOSS

TICKET, (including Wardrobe) 50 CENTS

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THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR

ALBANY DIVISION, NO. 51,

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

to announce that they will have a BIG NIGHT IN

ALBANY, N. Y.

February (no date yet selected) 1918

(Particulars Later.)

JOHN F. KORPER, Chairman,

309 Veeder Avenue,

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